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The Inkwell

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ASC Convocation Marks Year's End Silver A's Highlight Evening of Honors

ASC recently held its Annual Convocation giving out eight Silver A awards.

Julie Simmons, Debrah Crosbee, Jerry Williams and Melanie Roberts received Silver A awards for Service.

The Yvonne English Memorial award also went to Julie Simmons.

Vicki Hill received an award for outstanding English major for the second year. Vicki also received an Academic Silver A.

Other recipients of the Academic Silver A were Michelle Sullivan and Donna Adler.

The Joseph A. Buck award for college and community services went to Jeff Gulle.

Other awards were: The Henry L. Ashmore Award for Outstanding Senior-Stephen Whalen; Outstanding College Union Board Award-Stephanie Norman; President's Cup went to James R. Brown as the varsity athlete with the highest scholastic average.

Bradley A. Smith received the Billy Bond Memorial scholarship.

Twenty-five departmental awards were also presented.

87-88 Squad Selected

The Armstrong State Pirates are proud to announce the selection of their 1987-88 cheerleading squad: Cindy Hieronymus, Karen Showalter, Lynn Ross, Paige O' Connor, Lydia Taylor and Lisa Hamilton. Serving as alternate will be JoAnne Singletary. The girls are happy to have Ginny Knorr as their new advisor. Next year's squad should prove to be one of the best. The Pirates are looking for male cheerleaders. Anyone interested should contact Ginny Knorr at the gym. No experience is necessary, just a positive attitude.

!ACHTUNG!

ASC

SUMMER SESSIONS

BEGIN JUNE 16

Editor Slain; Kronos Bound

A.P.- Disturbing reports are being relayed via the Liberal Students Underground (LSU) that two-timing INKWELL mogul Ronnie Thompson has been abducted and presumably executed by right-wing administrative death squads.

In an ominously related incident, INKWELL staff members close to Thompson were locked out of the offices of the newspaper on the very same day of Thompson's presumed termination.

The reasons for the lockout have not been established with certainty. Administrative officials have not been available for comment. It is rumored that certain elements within the administration were plotting retaliatory actions against Thompson for his two controversial stinks as INKWELL editor.

Sources wishing to remain anonymous for fear of official displeasure reported seeing ASC campus Secret Security Services (SSS), attended by a throng of right-wing students chanting "your mind - our business" forcibly placing Thompson in an SSS riot wagon.

As rumors circulated of the abduction, a counter-demonstration organized by the LSU assembled on the campus quadrangle. The assembly was quickly dispersed when SSS storm-troopers arrived on the scene with tear-gas, water cannons, rubber bullets, and attack dogs.

It is not known how many protestors were killed, wounded, or incarcerated. However, the ASC Ministry of Money Matters placed the cost of damage to campus shrubs in the hundreds of dollars.

Incoming editor Michael West denied any fore-knowledge of the incident, and played down rumors of an end-of-quarter coup. It is well known, however, that Thompson feared he would not see the end of his reign because of rumblings from the administration and deference paid to West in official correspondences.

Senior Beverage

Editor and procurer W.W. Hiccups reported that Thompson was in low spirits in the final days leading up to his martyrdom. He constantly recited passages from the epic motion picture *The Road Warrior*, and in one such outburst of epic passion--presumably modeled on the eloquence of the Lord Humongous--he thundered; "We all have something we love. It's a shame when you come to cherish something-- and then that something is taken from you. We are all potential sufferers." Hiccups raised his own alcoholic voice in love-lorn lamentation; "Mr. Ronnie... he dead."

Michael J. Kronos, Jr., summoned from on Olympus high, where he sits on the right knee of father Kronos, spake: "...verily, verily, I say unto thee, before this day in heaven is ended, Ronnie Thompson will be seated beside me on the left knee of almighty Kronos."

Thompson's first stint as editor in 1982-83 ushered in an unprecedented renaissance

of editorial expression that generated both disgust and veneration. Other controversial features included the infamous Comix and the groundbreaking revelations of racism in higher education documented by the then mortal Michael J. Alwan.

It was near the end of this first term that Thompson incurred the wrath of disgruntled students and teachers of journalism, by resisting pressure to become their exclusive organ. Thompson also angered administrative partisans that insisted the college paper should tow the official party line.

Despite these pressures, Thompson sturdily maintained that "*mein Kampf* is not with the students or with the powers that be, but with bad opinion and the suppression of First Amendment rights."

Regardless of charges by aspiring editors and critics that Thompson's INKWELL contained no news fit to smell or print, he was called upon again to resurrect at least the semblance of a college

newspaper. It was assumed that Thompson would not again flout the unspoken prohibition on free expression of doubts about the progress of ASC as an institution of higher learning.



Photo by Michael Moore

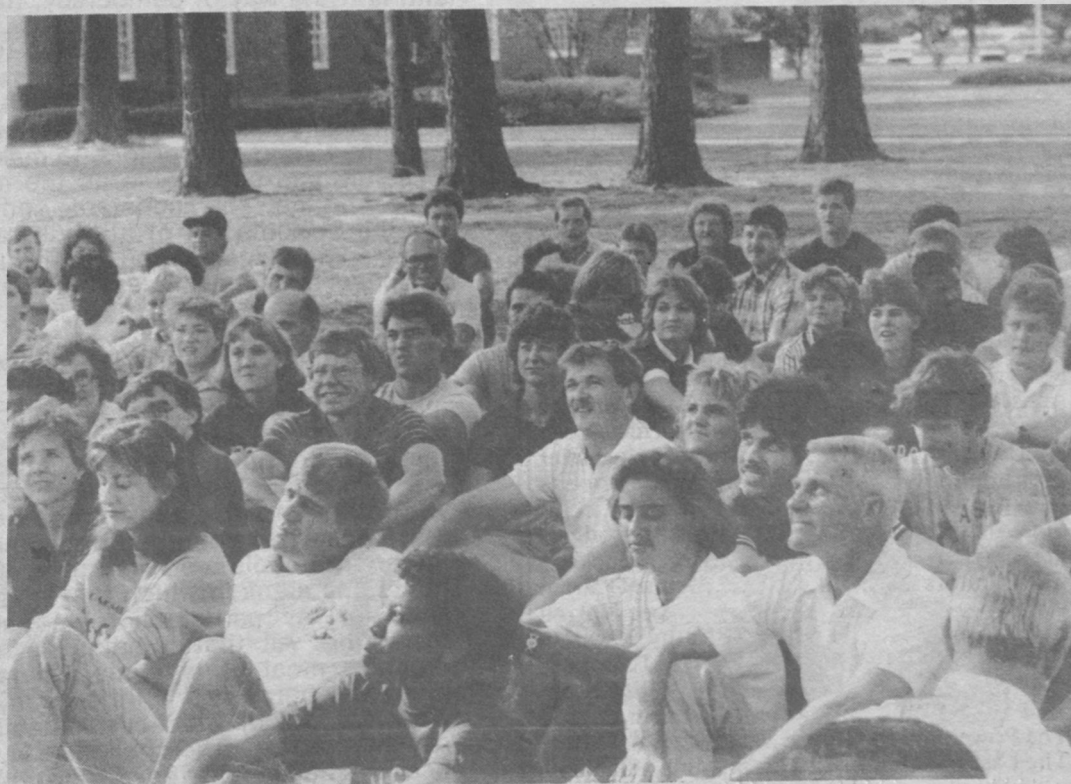
**Thompson
New Editor**

On Monday, October

The Deceased in 1982 photo

As the paper began to take on its former scope and its air of contempt for the "business of education" (e.g., "your mind, our business"), the staff began to find evidence of infiltration. Windows were

Continued on Page 6



Peaceful LSU demonstrators moments before the atrocities began

"Free at last. Free at last.
Thank God Almighty
I'm Free at last."

For Which It Stands

When in the course of my haphazard pursuit of wages, domestic comfort, and self-esteem I catch the scent of pre-determination, I naturally begin to wonder by what suggestion these goals become important. Is it the way of democracy, this death-mask of self-possession pulled over my beloved educational weakness? Or am I preparing myself, through discrete genetic instructions, for marriage and a family? After four insular years of credit hour mumblypeg, it is time to show my colors--to make myself accesible and acceptable as the master of some routine, the constant and serious devotee of some set of attitudes articulated about some wage-earning endeavour. I must be a pious man of business. I will be a professional.

But mother republic, is it already time to die? For that is how the rigor of the work ethic appears to me. While I cannot pretend to know the "Puritan" or otherwise roots of this drive to dig the deepest, safest hole in the economic landscape that one can, I vouch my own experience of "professionalism" as a bourgeois maximus. All the important details are taken care of; the products, the arena in which they compete, the value of my participation as part of the marketing. All that remains for me is to organize most of my time, tolerance, and physical energy and a little of my mind to work the will of whichever establishment I am the guest of. The challenge of doing my best for the almighty boss (who will kill me if I am late) or the corporation is constantly

renewed by the latest grim recruits in my workplace or discipline. Threatened with eviction, ostracism, ridicule, I at least control the expression of any mood but optimism. Worse, I allow the feeling that I must prove myself to predominate. I purge my mind of impious perceptions about the service I perform, and exhaust myself for the privilege of abandonment to a veritable religion of labour.

Perhaps I am simply not strong enough to balance the necessity of a livelihood (a debt to the comfort of civilization) with some unique exercise in humanity. A recent acquaintance told me flatly that I had to make a choice between the "business and the academic world." In the context of our talk about consumers and suppliers, the choice was between a material good living and an ongoing process of reflection, which would probably prevent me from enjoying as freely as himself-- freedom. I can make all kinds of comfort for myself, as long as I accept the luxuries democracy substitute for gods. In return for the lawful recognition of my self-interest and my right to dig my own hole, I will substitute for the maturation of my judgement (an improbable thing in any case) a servile, intellectually moribund fix. In my old age I will be suspicious, slightly misanthropic, strangely unfulfilled. Despite my inevitable supplantation by the new blood, and my general decline into obsolescence, I will still be able to enjoy my retirement as a contractual right and not as a charity. There will be a maturation of sorts.

INKWELL

Editor-in-Chief.....Ronnie Thompson
Senior Editors and Comrades:

Michael J. Kronos, Jr.
Timothy J. Haeussler

Assistant EditorsCary Cornette
Michael West

Sports Editor.....Michael Haeussler
Assistant to R.T.Wade Roberts

Penny Lover (umre).....ALF
Fine Arts EditorElizabeth Rodgers

Staff WriterBeckie Jackson
ContributorsAnne O'Brien

Lee Harrell
Kathy Newman

J. Daniels
Jim Beam

Jim Bakker
The Power and the Glory.....Mine, All Mine.

The Last Laugh.....Mine, All Mine.

They (meaning the boss, Ronnie Thompson, otherwise known as God around here) told me to go ahead and do my first REAL editorial, or a similar facsimile thereof. I really am an amateur at doing this, I mean I've written before, but I've never had the privilege of writing an editorial for this prestigious periodical. Enough already, I've got to move on.

In case you don't know who I am, I'll be running this here Pulitzer prize winning paper next year, for that reason I've come to be known as "sucker" by my fellow cohorts who write and slave for the allmighty Master Thompson. They really are making it sound like it's going to be a real pain in the ass. The more I stick around up here, the more I realize that they might be right. So what! I've survived my first all nighter up here and feel that I am kind of prepared for when the defecation hits the fan next year.

I guess you are all probably asking, "Gee, Mike, what have you got in mind for next year? Like what kind of reporting and informing *should* I expect for next year?" Well, I'm glad that you asked. As soon as the present regime is off to law school for next year, I'm calling in the health department and asking for some special assistance in fumigating and sand-blasting this office. That's the first step towards next year. After all, the stench of alcohol blended in with the odor of months old urine do not tend to make for an enviable working environment.

After the sanitization is through, the staff will begin reporting to me. Ted Koppel, Dan Rather and Mike Wallace have all informed their respective networks that they will be leaving their regular duties and will be assuming their new duties here at the *Inkwell*. Andy Rooney and luscious Dianne Sawyer were offered contracts as well but both refused, claiming that there was no way that I'd be able to meet, much less top, their present salaries. Who needs them anyway?

Actually all that about Ted, Dan and Mike joining the staff next year is a put-on. My staff so far includes Brendan Buttimer, Becki Jackson, Stephanie Norman, Elizabeth Rodgers and hopefully some of the guys from this year's edition, that is, if Master Ronnie will let them out of their indentured servants' contracts.

Next year's paper will hopefully include a comics page, a self-help corner and an advice column. Oh yeah, there might be a few ar-

The New Reich

Inkwell to be Under New Führer

by Michael West

ticles here and there; who knows what kind of wild hair I'll get up my behind.

Our budget for next year (which, incidentally was up to about \$1,456,398.33 at last count, eat your heart out, CUB) will allow us to take over the dorms and use them as the *Inkwell Housing Facility and Offices* (groundbreaking ceremonies will be held on July 4), and it will also allow

me to pay my staff members enormous sums of money. Golly gee whiz, can't you just smell the the impending excitement for next year?!

My right-wing cohort and ex-President of the SGA, Lee Harrell has promised me the use of his refrigerator down in the *Geechee* office. Lee, incidentally, has come down to the real world after his

brief tenure as the Big Cheese last year to take over the realm of *Geechee* editor, the spot which was vacated by Bob Long who will wreak havoc on the entire free world next year in his new office of Vice-President. I love to plug you, guys!

Before I go, I'd like to say "aloha" to Master Ronald Thompson who will be leaving us to attend law

school next year in Birmin'hayum, Alabama. Seems he's gotten too good for us sleazebags and is moving on to bigger and better things. Anyway, we're going to miss you, Oh Omnipotent One. Give 'em hell in 'Bama, Boss.

Well until the CHAOS edition (or the Fall, whichever comes first) this is the soon-to-be new Master of the entire literary world signing off!

By the way, to whom it may concern (Vicki/Alpha Gamms), the picture is of yours truly. No phone calls, please.



New members of Inkwell staff arrive

The Children's Crusade

Every day, children under the age of 17 walk into video stores and rent or buy "slasher" movies. Should excessively violent films be restricted to people over age 17?

Take for example the film "Alien Prey". This film features blood hungry lesbian vampires feasting on a dead woman bodily fluids through a hole in her stomach. Also, *Make Them Die Slowly* includes a scene in which a man slices a woman in half with a piano wire. Furthermore, *Flesh Feast* reveals maggots consuming human beings in less than pleasant manner. I feel that "Gross" movies such as these and others (such as *Surfer Nazis Must Die*) should be restricted from the view of minors. Why? Because there is a theory that excessive violence on television causes violent behavior in children. Just look at me! What about copy cat killers? Doesn't everybody do something for a reason? (everything except this article).

Is it the parents job to police their yardapes or the

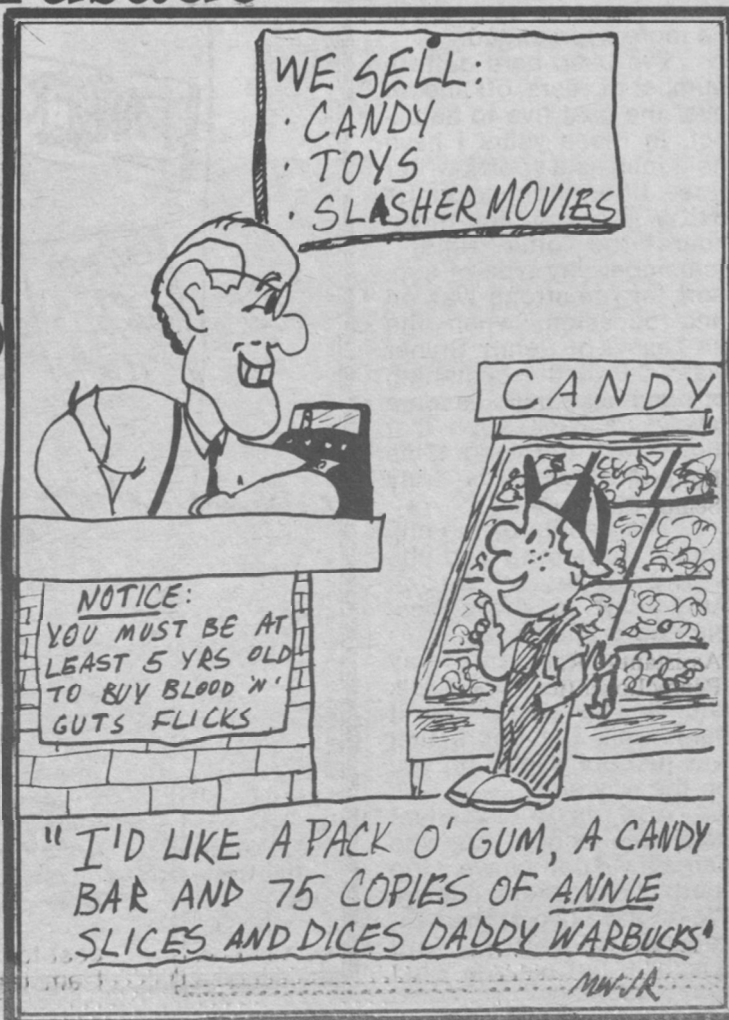
store owners as far as which films the children watch? Society needs to take corrective action before our nation becomes a nation of "BLOODY GORE MINORS".

WRH

WHAT, MOTHER?
BLACK AND DECKER!



MWA



ASC is my school; I shall not be ignorant.

It maketh me to sit on hard desks; it leadeth me into the library.

It stimulates my intellect; it leadeth me in the recital of the honor code for integrity's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of failure, I shall fear no exam; for ASC art with me; it's cafeteria and it's vending machines they comfort me.

It preparast a final for me in the presence of intellectuals, it anointest my head with facts; my brain runneth over.

Surely English and Algebra shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the hall of Gamble forever.



Cary's Corner

Goodbye, Cruel Year

Well, it is time for the final installment of my "psuedo-journalistic" career. It has been at times enjoyable and at times a A-1 pain in the yaz.

As I write this final chapter to Cary's Corner I must tell you that I feel like a lobster. See, I spent the afternoon basting in the hot sunlight at Tybee and I overdid it a bit...a lot actually. It really isn't my fault though, you see I was studying for a class and I would flip over after every chapter. Unfortunately the chapters were long and I was stupid. So now I look like a radioactive mutant from one of those B-rate sci-fi flicks, yeh. Stop.

In my farewell article I would like to talk about ASC. Yes, no other subject but Armstrong State College and company. Stop.

Firstly, I would like to comdemn the community which has all but spit in the proverbial face of Armstrong. The way this fine institution is ignored by the people in this area is absurd. Who cares about the Bulldogs?! They're 250 miles away! Wouldn't it be easier to just support something a little closer to home, say Armstrong?

It's a real shame ASC cannot be uprooted and planted someplace it will be more appreciated.

I've been here quite a number of years, off and on over the past five to be exact. In those years I have held jobs as a sports writer three different times on the INKWELL and in those years the only time I remember any type of support for Armstrong was on one occasion, when the "A-Team" of Renny Bryner was 10-0 at the beginning of one basketball season a few years back. Even that didn't last too long. This lack of interest is truly disgusting to me.

The people of the city knock Armstrong and the students knock Armstrong...to these people I have this to say.

"If you can't say something nice, don't talk and if you don't like it here...well, the doors that way just don't let it hit you on the way out."

ASC is a excellent academic school so who cares if we don't have a top football or basketball team. We do have two of the best teams in tennis and baseball: but we see what

kind of support they get. Getting to my point, the staff of Armstrong makes great strides towards the learning process of students here. And if and when I finally get a degree I will be more than proud it came from Armstrong State College. To hell with what everybody else says, I know how good the instruction here is and I know I've learned something. So thank you to the administration and faculty for making this college what it is, top notch.

Let's sway back to the athletic path now and gaze at the past year of ASC sports. Unfortunately for Armstrong it could not have been a much more disasterous year athletically than it was.

The two bright spots were the successes of the tennis team and the baseball team. The rest were very gloomy even

before fall quarter began, a slide that was very contagious for this fugitive of Division I.

Before the first class of fall ever meets the ASC soccer team has several matches out of the way. And as their record canat-test, it was their worst season ever. Losing all but one match despite hard work and determination their record was the rule rather than the exception for most Pirate squads to follow.

The basketball team, the cross country team, womens vollyball, and the golf team all met similar fates. Very few wins with many set backs.

In the fall Renny Bryner resigned as the head basketball coach, leaving interim coach Pastrick with the task of handling ASC's toughest schedule ever. The team was overwhelmed by bigger and faster teams.

During winter quarter Bryner resigned as athletic director and shortly after Dr. John Brewer was named as the new A.D..

Hopefully he will be able to save the sinking Pirate ship.

So far he has helped decide to pull out of the Big South Conference, a decision forced on Armstrong

I'm tired of writing, can't see the key anymore, so to those of you that have read these rags of stories thank you. I hope they made you think a little if nothing else and



Welcome to Chronictown, Doug...

due to an inability to cover costs. He has appointed a new head basketball coach by the name of Doug Riley to help get basketball back on track and has also brought back womens basketball. It looks like we're heading in the right direction...I hope so.

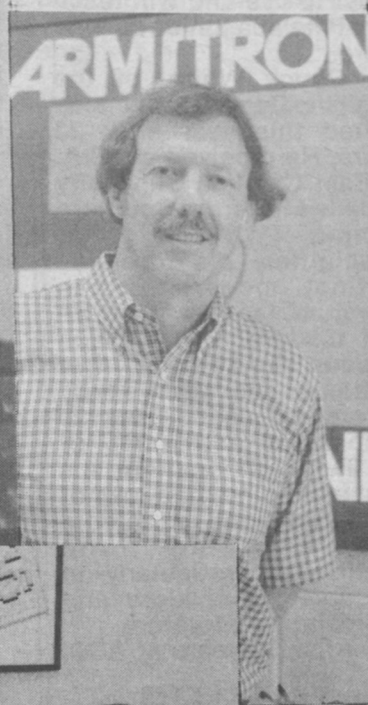
remember if you can, support the Pirates. If you don't no one else is and the schools going to seem plah-sah forever. Goodbye and have a nice summer and congrats to the grads.

Cary E. Cornette

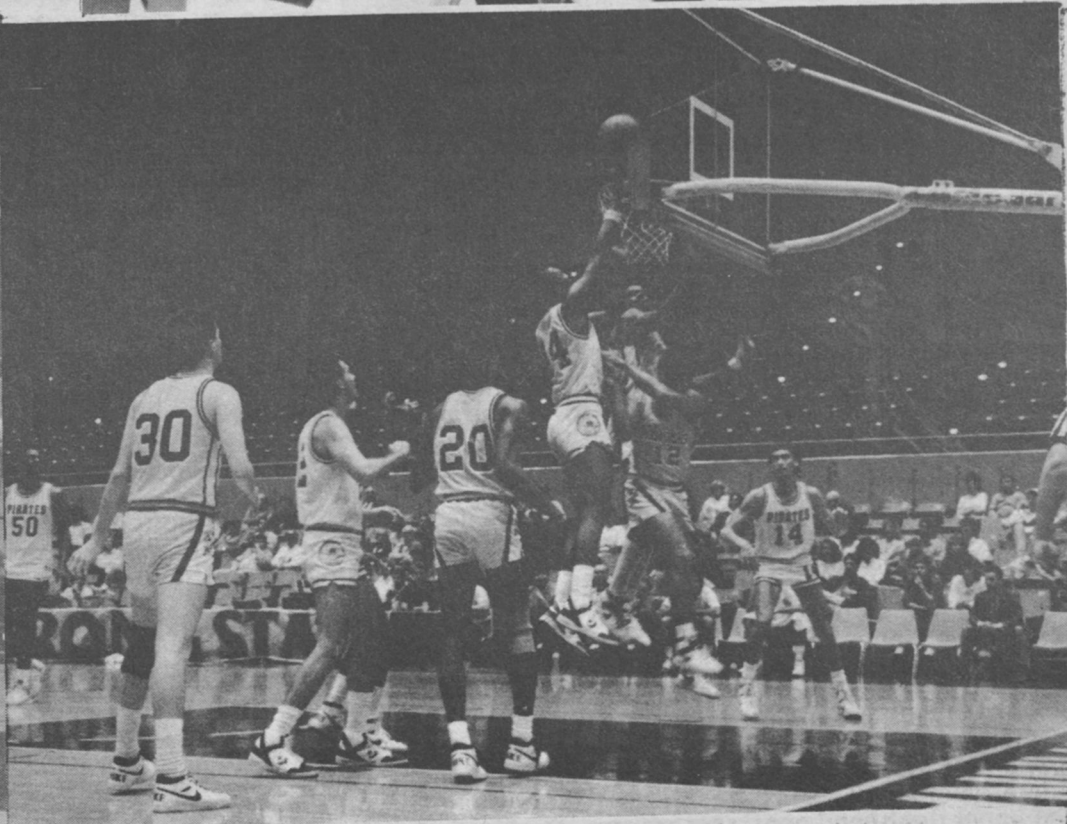
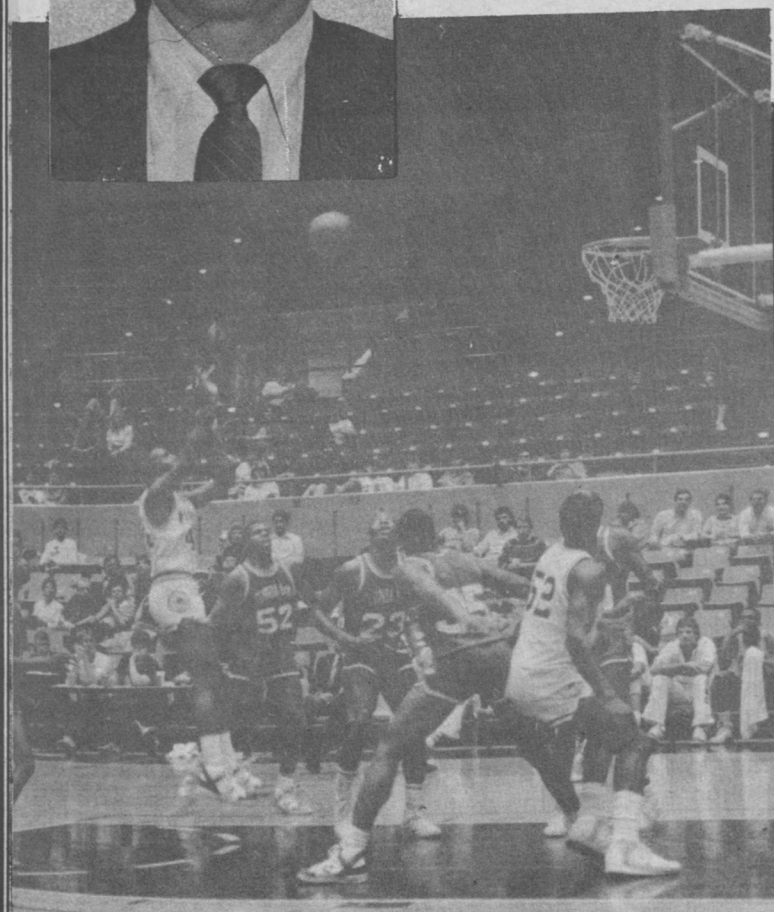


The Way The Ball Bounces

A Pictorial History Of A Mess



Photos by Misc.



Armstrong Losing Four Professors To Retirement

It is inevitable that professors will one day retire, but we hate to see them go. Close relationships between faculty members and students makes for a feeling of family. And yet it can be a time for new directions and opportunities as well.

Dr. Connie Lawson is retiring this spring after 15 years at Armstrong and Savannah State Colleges, the culmination of a long and fulfilling career as a teacher. She was a member of the Teacher Corps in the 1950's, and helped train Indian teachers to teach their own people. She expressed much gratitude for all the help she received along the way and especially to Armstrong for granting her the sabbatical that allowed her to finish up important post-graduate work. She took her B.S. at Florida State University, her M.A. at the

University of Arkansas. Her teaching specialty is early childhood education. She loves children and plans to spend a lot of time with her grandchildren in Oregon and Virginia. She is also looking forward to visiting relatives in New York and Florida and friends in Holland, and beyond that she is looking forward to travelling.

Another professor leaving us is Jane Ann Patchak, who taught anthropology and sociology here for 13 years. She went to college at 45 and began a new career at 50 after taking a B.A. and M.A. from Central and Western Michigan Universities respectively. During her time here she helped build the anthropology curriculum into a minor program, and she hopes it will continue to grow. She said that Armstrong is "like family, the students like

children the faculty kinfolk," and that she will miss it very much. She plans to move to the west coast to live and will teach part-time at a junior college there.

Chuck White, of the English Department, also retired this year after 23 years. He received his B.A. at East Carolina University and his M.A. from Southern Illinois University. His specialties are creative writing, modern British literature, fantasy literature and folklore. He is much appreciated by his students and admired by his colleagues, both for his scholarship and grasp of the language, and for his sense of humor and love of puns. His plans are to continue writing and publishing, particularly in the areas of folklore and comparative Literature.

After 30 years at ASC,

Dr. William Coyle, Professor of Political Science, is retiring. Dr. Coyle also teaches courses on the American Presidency and the Supreme Court. He earned his A.B. at Emory University, his M.A. at Georgetown University and his Ph.D. at Florida State

University. After retirement, he plans to work on several research & writing projects.

These esteemed members of the faculty will be missed, both for their presence and for their contributions. We wish them well.

continued from pg. 1

broken, chamber pots and liquor bottles were found strewn about, dried pools of vomit were found in sensitive areas of the room. The emanating odor of urea, impossible to eradicate, filled the room with the conspiratorial stench of proverbial shit hitting the fan.

If the reports of Thompson's execution are

true, then there is little hope of recovering his body. According to top-ranking LSU officials and authorities of Amnesty International, USA, corpses the size of Thompson reduce substantially the food costs of the campus cafeteria and are therefore in great demand.

Eat me, ya'll.

KRONOS



in the direction of my postponed dream.

My immediate objective was to take two College Level Examination Program (CLEP) tests. I successfully passed the two I felt more proficient in, and earned 15 credit hours. Because I work full time and am my sole support, I needed financial assistance. Luckily I received it in the form of several different scholarships, and recalling that advice to go slowly but surely, I started by taking one class a quarter at night. I now have 40 hours credit toward a Bachelor of Arts degree in English with a

minor in History, and a G.P.A. of 3.6.

Yes, I have a long way to go, and sometimes to road seems to stretch out toward infinity, but instead of thinking of the total number of credit hours needed to graduate, I try instead to focus on the one-at-a-time principle. Remember the tortoise and the hare? The tortoise won that race with its determination, and as I slowly but steadily pursue my belated college education, I know that I too can achieve my goal. My dream deferred is coming true. Watch my dust-I'm going to win MY race.

Miller: ASC's Musical E.F. Hutton

When Bonny Miller plays people listen. In a faculty solo piano recital on May 22, Miller performed sonatas by Beethoven, waltzes by Ravel and American ragtime. The solo recital caps off a year of community performances, not just at Armstrong, but on public radio, in church, for area teachers, and benefit appearances for the Festival of Trees in Savannah and for the Hilton Head Community Orchestra.

Teaching piano and music history is only part of the job for Dr. Miller, who says, "I try to be an essential part of the musical life in Savannah, both as a per-

former and a teacher." She was recently installed as the president of the Savannah chapter of the Georgia Music Teachers Association after serving for two years as vice-president for programs for the group. Through the cooperation of the Savannah G.M.T.A., many programs for area students are held each year at Armstrong, including recitals, clinics, and a summer camp. In another role, Miller is often invited to judge contests for young musicians around the state, such as the Macon Symphony Young Artists' Contest and the scholarship competition of the Mozart Society

of St. Simon's Island.

Miller is also an active scholar. Her investigations of songs and piano pieces published in household magazines from 1800 to 1900 frequently yields music that she adds to her concert programs. "The popular music of 80 to 100 years ago brings an aspect of lighter music to my recitals. People enjoy hearing it and it's fun to play. The research of the past year has brought more ragtime music into my programs," and Miller predicts, "I hope to bring works by women and by early American composers into my concerts next year."

A Dream Deferred Comes True

Patricia ("Pat") King has been secretary for ASC's Department of Languages, Literature and Dramatic Arts since July 1, 1980. This article appears also in Focus; reprinted with permission.

by Patricia R. King

Several years ago a mood swept over me to clean out several boxes of papers that had bumped around with the family during all the years of my three daughters, fought for attention and for a while I popped them into carefully labeled envelopes according to categories I had methodically devised.

But a maverick appeared--what was this? It looked like a term paper and I should know by now since I have been Senior Secretary for the Department of Languages, Literature, and Dramatic Arts for several years. Examining this paper I saw the date, "October 2, 1944" in the upper right-hand corner. My maiden name was

written under it, and beneath that was the name of the English class I had been in in college, along with the professor's name.

I leaned back in my chair and read through the words of my eighteen-year-old self, chuckling here and there at the innocence revealed in so many sentences. The title of the paper was "The Mississippi River." How in the world had I dared to write about something of which I knew nothing? Oh, well, everyone is serene in his own ignorance when young.

I turned to the final page of the essay to find a written comment from that teacher of so long ago: "Skillful use of incident to keep interest alive, and really superior writing!" And I had been only eighteen! I sat there stunned, remember in the circumstances which had

prevented me from going back and getting my degree: my widowed mother's limited income, my subsequent marriage, motherhood, and divorce.

I placed the essay inside the folder marked: "Personal," and continued with my self-imposed sorting task. A year or so later I decided to take the S.A.T. to see if self-educatory years since that college course had left an imprint. I did so, came out heavy on the English side, and light on the math, both as I had expected. I wanted so much to put my dream of going back to college into action, but again, life interfered.

Then in the fall of 1985 I talked with several professors in the department where I work. They convinced me that by easing into my college education gradually I could begin to take the first faltering steps

Alright, enough already! Yes Daytona was great, but its time to move on to bigger and better...well, other things. Let's talk about some of our more local goings on.

How many of you have received a ticket from the campus rent-a-cops lately? I have, and do you want to know what for; for parking in my own parking place. No sh!t! Is that a joke or what? Well, what goes around comes around right?

Hey, how about that streaker they caught on campus? This guy, who by the way is a personal friend of mine, was going around exposing his pride and joy to some young ladies in the nursing department. When interviewed "shortly" after one of these exposures, one of the young ladies said that "it was no big deal!" Ha!

I would like to take this opportunity to say congratulations to the baseball team for having such a great season. They proved that Armstrong can be competitive in Division I NCAA. Well, in baseball anyway!

Attention all WAFWOT participants! There will be an organizational meeting in the fountain at midnight, June 8th. Rubber fish suits and flippers are required. Spanky's bringing the vasoline. Remember that this is the final meeting of the year and we will be accepting pledges to replace graduating Seniors. Girls and guys welcome. However, sorry Ron, we need more GIRLS!

Well the weather is warmer and the girls are hotter. No kidding. Do you ever notice how short the shorts get about this time of the year. Not that I'm complaining or anything but it does get rather distracting when you are sitting in a classroom and some leggy blonde sets her half-bared bottom within "reach out and touch someone" range right in front of your face. Of course the bottoms are not the only parts of the female anatomy that are half-bared. The tops tend to bounce a little more also mainly due to a lack of support if you know what I mean? These conditions often lead to dehydration in the male students as a result of profuse drooling.

In case you have not noticed, this article, like the rest in this issue, is rather long-winded. This is because our beloved editor has left us with the unenviable task of putting together a twenty page paper with only four pages of material.

At long last this article has meandered into the

ALF Bows Out Penniless?

WAFWOT Meating Soon

realm of the oblivion with only, you guessed it, obscure comments remaining.

W.W. drives again!

How close is my personal

UB For You & Me?

space?

Sorry about your car Stretch, you should have checked the oil 'before' the engine blew.

There is not, I repeat, not, a

party at my condo after graduation. need more guys."

Graduates with a degree make better "pigment packers." Right Wade?

And no, I did not forget; "I love you Penny!"

As Always
ALF

Quote of the week: "We

Free To Drink; Free To Brawwww

The University of Budweiser recently sent a representative to the ASC campus to recruit members for a new chapter to be based here at Armstrong. The rep. was quite impressed by the advanced state and quality of beer drinkers already present on campus. He was, however, quite upset upon discovering that no juice is allowed in the dorms.

Applications of Pledges for this prestigious fraternity will be accepted next fall from any and all comers. However, certain priorities must be met. It is essential that each applicant be knowledgeable of the following information:

Budweiser is the King of Beers.

The letters in Budweiser stand for; Because U Deserve What Every Individual Should Enjoy Regularly.

The local distributor of Budweiser is H&H of Savannah.

The Budweiser lable reads as follows; This is the famous Budweiser beer. We know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive Beachwood aging produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price.

After answering these and other related questions on a written form, there will be an aptitude test for those who pass the written test. The aptitude test requires that applicants chug a case of brew in a thirty minute time period. Intermittant vomiting is allowed provided that the applicant clean up after himself. Applicant must achieve a blood-alcohol level of at least .35 within this time or forfeit his or her opportunity. Any applicant going into permanent coma or death, automatically forfeits his or her opportunity for regular

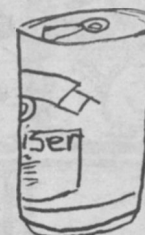
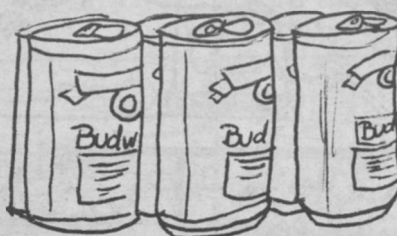
membership. However, he or she may receive honorary induction as an at large member.

Remember, applications will be available in the Inkwell at the beginning of

the Fall quarter.

Bud Brother
ALF

GEE, IT MUST BE GREAT
TO BE A PENNY LOVER!



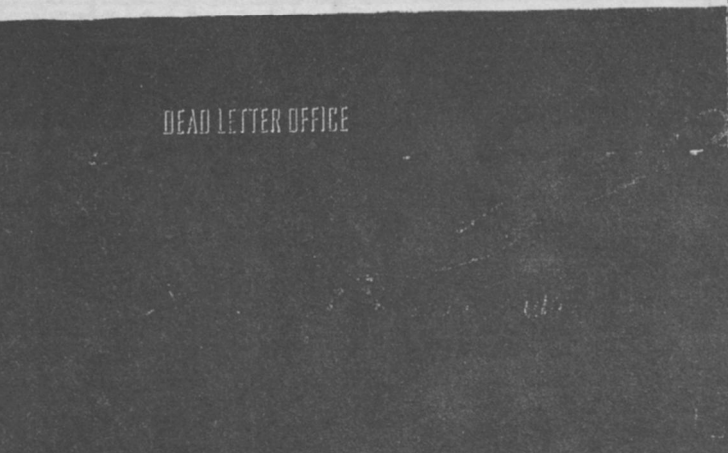
Album Review

B.B. Does a R.E.M. Job

by Brendan Buttimer

Generally, when one browses one must suffer through both the good and the bad which is offered. Such is not entirely the case with REM's new album, Dead Letter Office. This is a must for the true fans of Athens' premier band. As described by Peter Buck (no relation to the local dean), this album, is a kind of tour of a junkhouse, offering "a little bit of uh-huh and a whole lot of oh-yeah." The album covers the entire span of REM's career, as most songs were taken from out takes of previous albums.

As album standards go (very high in theory but low in fact), this album probably will not win many fans for the Fab Four. Nothing is taken seriously, as witnessed by the hallucinogenic "Walter's Theme/ King of the Road" and the outrageous "Voice of Harold." But fans who found "Life's Rich Pageant" a bit too socially aware will have no problem



warming up to "Dead Letter Office." Additionally, people fond of REM's renditions of work by Aerosmith and Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground will be pleased to hear that the band has several remakes on "DLO", including "Toys in the Attic" and "Femme Fatale." As a bulk package, the album is worth the price; they crammed 15 songs on a single album.

Final Notes: New REM can also be found on a soundtrack featuring various Athens bands.

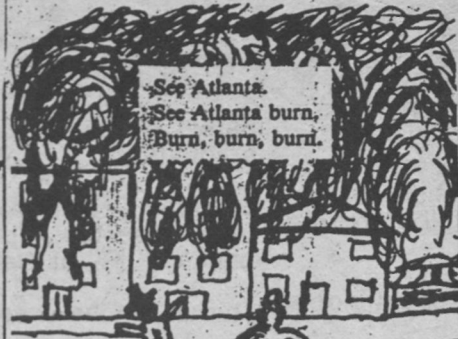
Also, the band does a great deal of work on Warren Zevon's new album "Sentimental Hygiene"(sounds like something for Donahue, doesn't it). Quite finally, anyone knowing where a copy of "Father's House" by a group called DREAM'S SO REAL can be purchased, please call the Inkwell.

P.S.B.S.: Special thanks to I-95's Nighthawk, who helped us through this night. We wouldn't need his help ON ANY OTHER DAY.

Primer M.A., M.S., R.T.



See Rome.
See Rome burn.
Burn, burn, burn.



See Atlanta.
See Atlanta burn.
Burn, burn, burn.

What now, Scarlet?

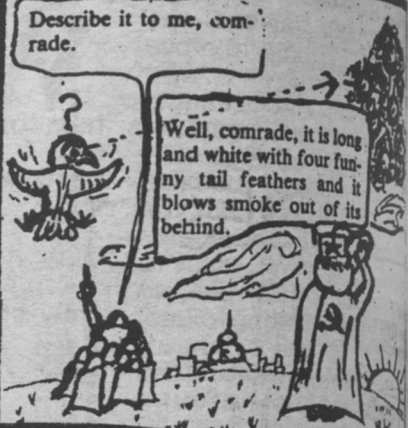
Run, Rhett, run!

Meanwhile, on a sunny morning on the outskirts of MOSCOW -



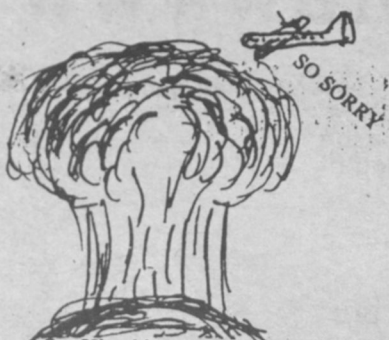
Comrade, what is this bird?

There, comrades, is the
KNOCKORAN GLACKOV bird,
or the KGB for short.



Describe it to me, comrade.

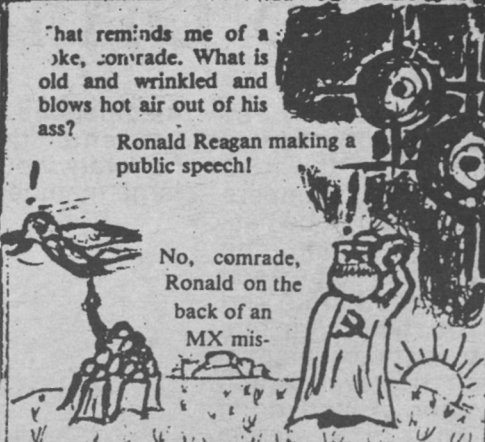
Well, comrade, it is long
and white with four funny
tail feathers and it
blows smoke out of its
behind.



See Hiroshima.
See Hiroshima disappear.
Gone, gone, gone.



See Mark.
See Mark play by the nuclear reactor.
Glow, glow, glow.



That reminds me of a
oke, comrade. What is
old and wrinkled and
blows hot air out of his
ass?

Ronald Reagan making a
public speech!

No, comrade,
Ronald on the
back of an
MX mis-



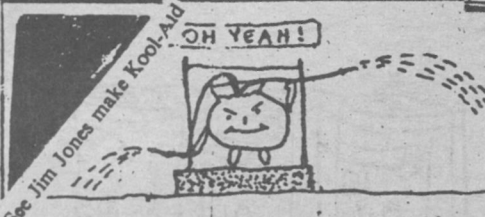
A NUKE

1/26/92
M.A.
M.S.

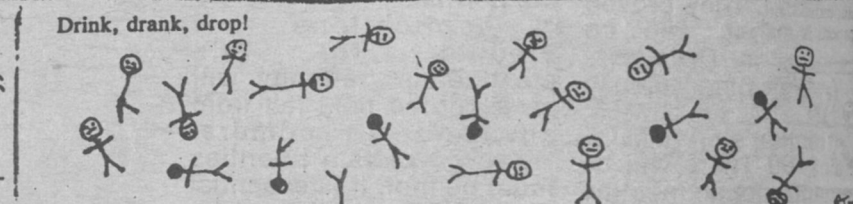
Primer



See Jim Jones
OH YEAH!



See Jim Jones make Kool-Aid
OH YEAH!



Drink, drank, drop!

RATman



rat / rat / n. a
scaly-tailed destruc-
tive rodent larger
than the mouse. I'm a
contemptible person,
esp: one that be-
trays his friends
and associates.

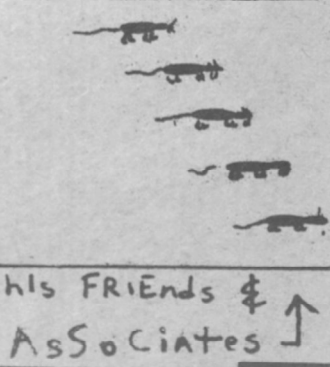
THIS IS MR.
RATman...



Ralph
Slolinski
IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN
TERM PAPERS ARE DUE



I'VE CALLED YOU
INTO MY OFFICE
DISCUSS YOUR
PAPER, MR. SLOLINSKI



his FRIENDS &
ASSOCIATES

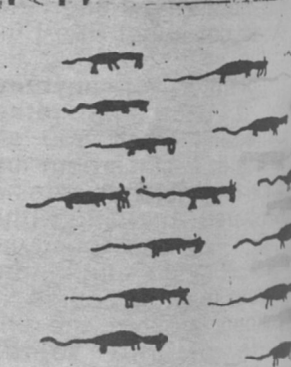
WHAT EVIL
PLANS LIE
IN THE EVIL
PEANUT-BRAIN
OF
RATman?

you'll see!!!
11/5/82 R.T.L.

RATman



AFTER THE MURDER
AND SUBSEQUENT
EATING OF E.T.,
THE MINIONS OF
THE DREADED
RATS...



© STEVE SPIELBERG'S

RATman



"The Russians are imperialist
rats best on subjugating all free
men..."

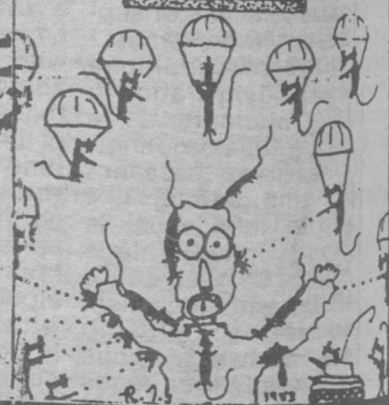


SOMETHING STINKS
IN GAMBLE BLDG...




"We cannot allow this
ignorant man to equate
us with the GODLESS
COMMIES... We must
DEFEND our
HONOR!!!

♪ ♪ ♪ We are not the
damn Commies...
AIRBORNE RATMAN
INFANTRY II



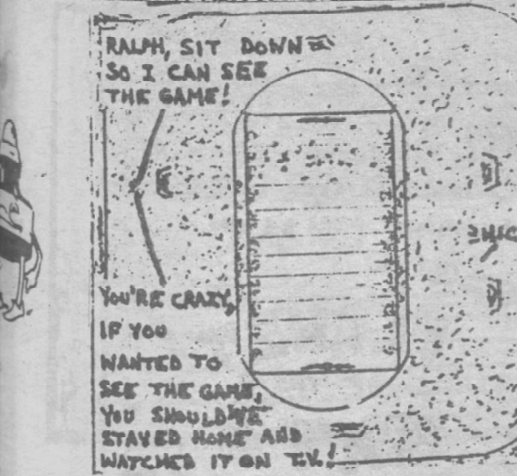
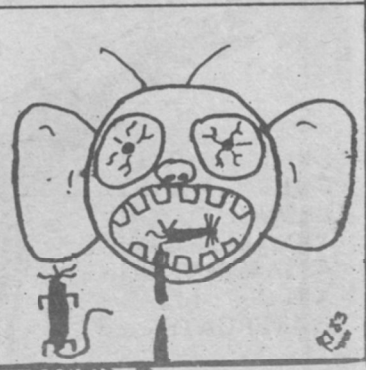
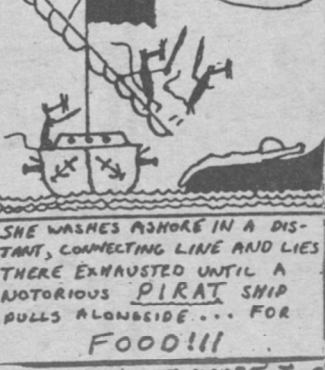
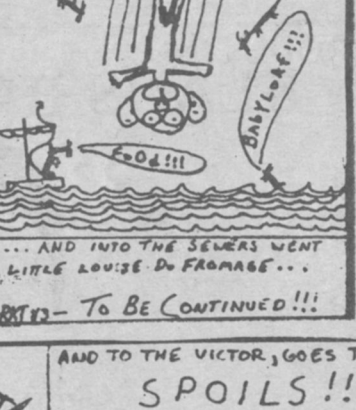
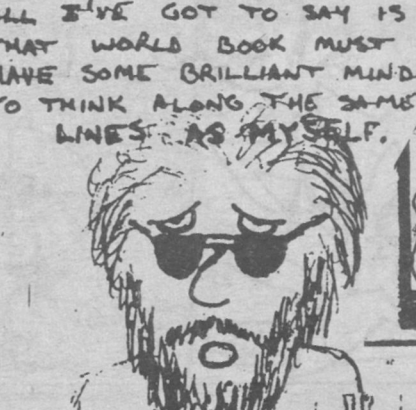
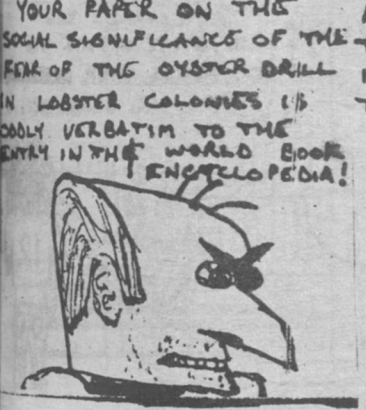
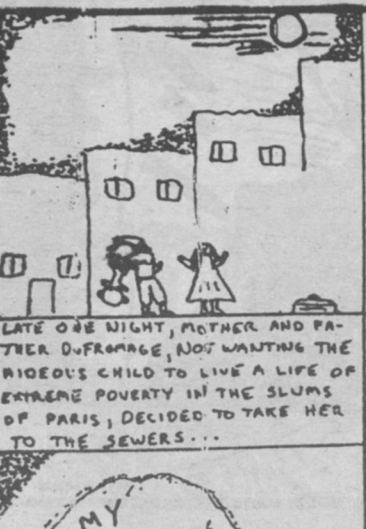
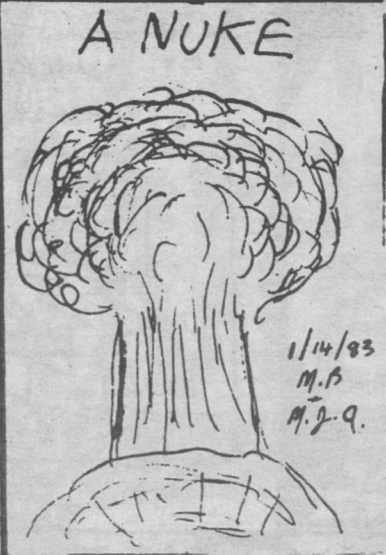
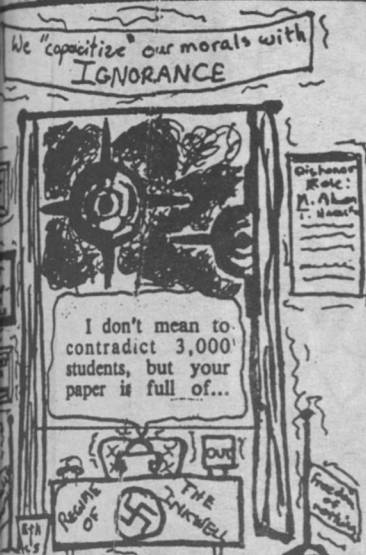
R.T.L.

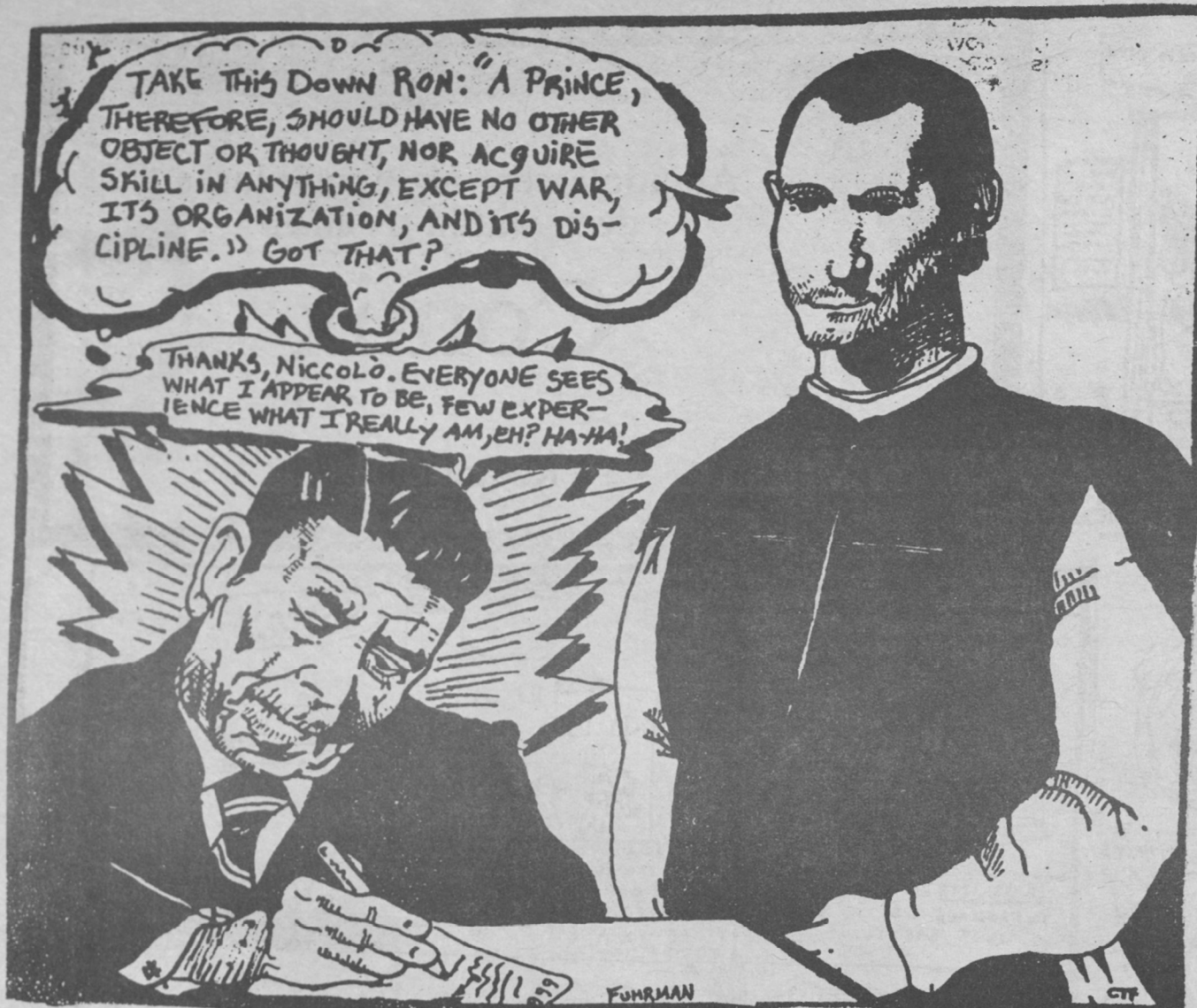



An adolescent nightmare lurks deep within us all...

Comix

Re-animated





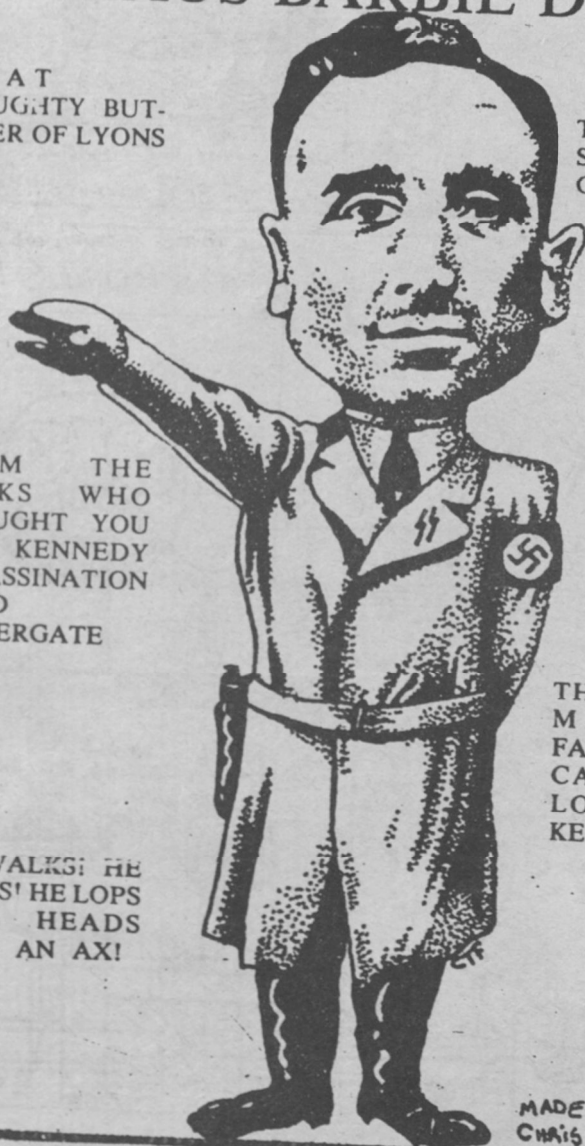
INTRODUCING THE KLAUS BARBIE DOLL®

THAT
NAUGHTY BUT-
CHER OF LYONS

THE MOST
SUPERIOR DOLL
OF ALL TIME

FROM THE
FOLKS WHO
BROUGHT YOU
THE KENNEDY
ASSASSINATION
AND
WATERGATE

HE WALKS! HE
TALKS! HE LOPS
OFF HEADS
WITH AN AXI!



THE GOVERN-
MENT'S
FAVORITE TOY
CAN NO
LONGER BE
KEPT A SECRET

MADE BY
CHRIS FUHRMAN '83

I HATE
READING...

AND THE NEWSPAPER
HURT MY FEELINGS
...



A SPACE SHIP HURTTLES THRU
TIME AND SPACE WITH
ITS 3 OCCUPANTS...

THE CRAFT PASSES THRU
A TIME WARP...



THE CREW IS SEPAR-
ATED IN THE CONFUSION
THAT FOLLOWS. THEY
FALL INTO THE HANDS
OF THE PLANET'S INHAB-
ITANTS. DR. BURNETT IS
KILLED AND THEN STUFFED
DR. ASHMORE IS GIVEN A
LABOTOMY. ONLY CAPTAIN
STECAL REMAINED UNSEATED

WILL HE EVER MAKE
IT HOME TO THE
PLANET ARMSTRONG? OR
WILL HE PERISH ON...

THE
PLANET
OF THE
CATS



It was a foggy night in Savanner, Ga. way back in 1953. Little Billy Bob and Little Jimmy Joe were two young men in a hurry. The movie they wanted to see started in nine minutes. What happened in those nine minutes would throw the town of bumpkins into nine minutes of pure living, unadulterated HELL!! It all began...

9 MINUTES BEFORE THE MOVIE STARTED!



"Where is yore momma, Jimmy Joe?"

"She is daid!"



Slim
RaTmAn
Directed by Ding L. Barry

Tripod
Speedy

B.A. Barachus

STARRING
Roba Uno & His Pet Dog Biboda
A De LARINGUS MOTION PICTURE

Ginnie Hyman
Stanley B. Bald

Duane "\$200" Ross

PG
Produced by N. Lodiums

70MM
SIX-TRACK  **DOLBY STEREO**® PRESENTATION

Yes, it's us-and we're out in full force on the Armstrong Campus. During the second week of May we put an end to any chance of wearing last year's bathing suits by selling homemade goodies and Gorin's ice cream in the cafeteria. The money raised will be used to send our illustrious president, Stephanie Norman to the Alpha Gamma Delta convention being held in St. Louis at the end of June. Many thanks to all who helped out!

Faculty, could you actually see to drive home on

Phi Mu Announces New Officers For 88

Phi Mu would like to announce its new officers: Cindy Hieronymus-president; Karen Showalter-Vice-President; Suzanne Lindsay-Secretary; Vicki Vogel-treasurer; Dana Hutson and Karen Cook-panhellenic delegates; and Sheri Sanders-Phi Director. We would like to welcome three new sisters to our sorority: Toni Perry, Elaine Steinbach and Audra Davis.

We are planning Fall Rush now. Any girl interested should plan on attending the formal rush which will be held immediately after the start of school (definite dates TBA). Until next year, have a great summer!

RA Applications Due Today, June the 5th

The Housing Office is accepting applications for Resident Assistant positions for 1987-88. If you are interested in applying, come by the Housing Office, Room 11 in the Administration Building and pick up an application. Application deadline is today, Jack.

You're never too old to quit blowing smoke.



American Heart Association
WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE

Alpha Gams Preparing For Summer Sun

the 16th of April? The Alpha Gams held their annual window wash, which proved to be a large success as large amounts of pollen were removed (temporarily) from the windows of faculty cars. Sorry, we couldn't clean the whole car, but a little bit of Windex only

goes so far.

In all seriousness, though, we'd like to congratulate our sisters who were elected to Student council offices: Stephanie Norman, who was elected secretary for the SGA, and Vicki Aeger, who was elected Senator of Health

Professions. A very big congratulations to Lynn Norris who received the highest GPA of the graduating seniors and was represented with a scholarship pendant by Alpha Gamma Delta.

We would like to welcome our new sister,

Wendy Hendrix, who was initiated April 4, and our two new pledges, Kelly Stahl and Donna Boise.

That's about all for now. Look forward to more exciting events and have a great summer.

Alpha Gam Annie

Opti-World. ASC's Best Eyewear Value.



Special Discounts for Armstrong State Students.

Armstrong State students are special to Opti-World. That's why we offer any student with a valid ID 15% off purchases at Opti-World.

Savannah's Only 1-Hour, 1-Stop Vision Center.

Only Opti-World offers professional eye examination, Savannah's largest selection of frames, a complete contact lens center, plus an on-premise lab staffed with skilled technicians. It's all under one roof so you can walk in and walk out with new glasses in just one hour.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Frames and lenses are guaranteed for one year against defects in materials and workmanship. In addition, if for any reason you're not completely satisfied with the look or feel of your new glasses, just come back

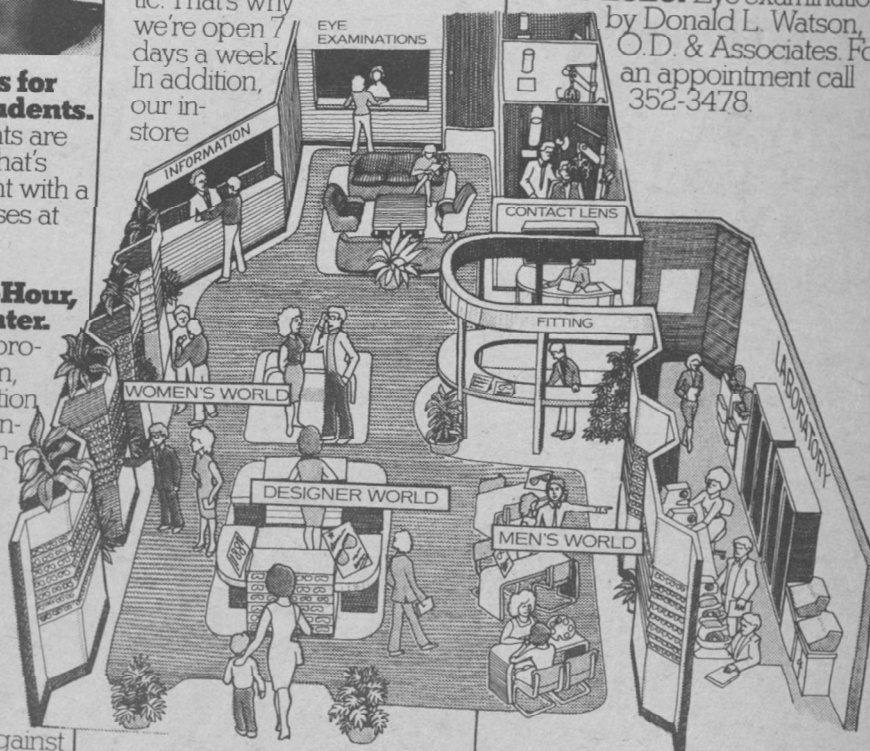
within 10 days and we'll exchange your frames for another pair.

One Hour Service—Open 7 Days.

A student's time is valuable and class schedules are hectic. That's why we're open 7 days a week. In addition, our in-store

Convenient Location.

We're conveniently located at 5500 Abercorn Street at Twelve Oaks du Manché next to Ashby's. Open Monday-Saturday 10 a.m.-9 p.m. and Sunday 1 p.m.-6 p.m. Phone 352-2020. Eye examinations by Donald L. Watson, O.D. & Associates. For an appointment call 352-3478.



lab will have your glasses ready in one hour, not one week, or one day. One hour. In just sixty quick minutes you'll be on your way.

OPTI-WORLD
One Hour Eye Care



SUMMER JOBS!



Temporary Assignments Work When You Want This Summer

Desperately Seeking:

TYPISTS
SECRETARIES
WORD PROCESSING OPERATORS
DATA ENTRY OPERATORS
GENERAL LABORERS

Long and Short Term
Assignments Available
FLEXIBILITY!
\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$
Weekly Paycheck

Call For More Information...



354-5440

no fees
no contracts

415 Eisenhower Drive
Governors Square

What follows is a sad commentary on today's society. This note, as printed, was sent home to parents of students at Bloomingdale Elementary School on Tuesday, June 1, 1987.

Freaks Peddling Death in Schools

Dear Parent,

For Your Information:

According to police authorities, a form of tattoo called **BLUE STAR** is readily available to your child. It is a small sheet of white paper containing "blue stars" the size of a pencil eraser. Each star is coated with LSD. The tattoo is placed on the tongue or the skin. Either way, the LSD gets into the child's blood stream. there are also tabs the size of a stamp that have pictures of Superman, Mickey Mouse, clowns, butterflies, and other Disney characters on them. These stamps are packed in a red cardboard box with a picture of Mickey Mouse wrapped in foil in a clear locktype bag. This package contains five one-inch square stamps. This is a new way of selling drugs. A child could happen upon these and have a fatal "TRIP". Sometimes these tattoos and stamps are given free to children.

Also available to your child are sheets of red stamps called "**RED PYRAMID**", colored dots the size of a

pin head, and grids that can be cut out. These are laced with drugs that react quickly. Symptoms are hallucinations, mood changes, and severe vomiting. If you see these in your child, take him/her to the hospital immediately. Others are laced with syrychnine, a poison that can cause immediate death.

For the safety and well-being of your child(ren):

WARN THEM NOT TO HANDLE ANY OF THE ABOVE

INSTRUCT YOUR CHILD TO TELL AN ADULT IF THEY SEE ANY OF THE ABOVE

NOTIFY THE POLICE

A spokesperson for Bloomingdale Elementary said there has been no incidence of this problem at Bloomingdale Elementary, nor is there any evidence of this problem at other local elementary schools: "This could be a nationwide problem and not have reached us yet," said the represen-

tative.

The notice came from the Chatham County Board of Education as a means of alerting parents and educators to the potential problem.

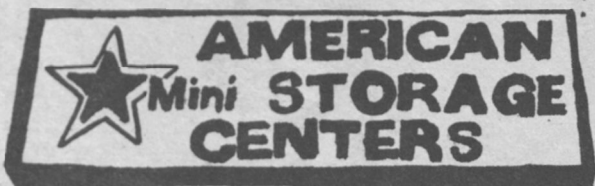
ASC Dominates Selections

Seventeen of the 36 area women honored as Outstanding Young Women of America for 1986 have ties to ASC.

ALUMNAE: Colleen Ballant, Margaret Bel, Patricia Estes, Mary Goldwire, Patricia Henderson, Jennifer Murphy, Nena Rickbacker, and Cathy Sheffield. STUDENTS: Deborah Crosby, Paula Cuylen, Stacy Fell, Lori Johnson and Melanie Roberts. FACULTY AND STAFF: Jane Barnard, Kristina Brockmeyer, Theresa Liles, and Lucinda Schultz.

The program recognizes achievements and abilities of women between the ages of 21 and 36. The women listed, along with other Outstanding Young Women, were selected from 115,000 nominations received nationwide.

- Alarm-equipped Gate Systems
- Resident Managers
- Student Discounts



927-7997

10901 Abercorn St. Ext.
(JUST NORTH OF LARGO)

SESSION A
4 weeks, M-F
June 16 - July 13

SESSION B
4 weeks, M-F
July 14 - August 10

SESSION C
8 weeks, M-TH
June 16 - August 11

SESSION D
8 weeks, M-F
June 16 - August 11

SESSION E
8 weeks, Evenings
June 16 - August 11

Armstrong State College CLASS SCHEDULE Summer 1987

ALL SESSIONS

Advanced Registration/Advisement

April 27 9 am - 5 pm
April 28 & 29 9 am - 7 pm
April 30-May 1 9 am - 5 pm

Advanced Registration*

May 4-7 9 am - 7 pm
May 8 9 am - 5 pm

Registration

June 15 9 am - 7 pm
July 13 9 am - 7 pm
(Session B Only)

NO FEES DUE UNTIL JUNE 9

*PLEASE NOTE: Advisement with extended hours is only one week. Advanced registration is both weeks. Advisement is required for registration.

Armstrong STATE COLLEGE
11935 Abercorn Street
Savannah, Georgia 31419-1997

NEED INFORMATION?
Admissions **927-5277**
1-800-633-2349
Outside Chatham County

by Anne Buttmer-Gay

In an attempt to maintain an enduring phenomena, long heralded as tradition among us non-trads, any loud noises, sudden movements or uncontrollable body gestures will be interpreted as hostile and aggressive, and will result in retributory action of such a nature as to render said individuals incapable of finishing this quarter in any way, shape or mean.

If the above statement made complete and utter sense to you, then you're a candidate for my new "summer break" (who's kidding who?) vacation idea. Time-Share Padded Cells! The silent, nothing-to-do, nowhere-to-go paradise! Of course, you can't get out - what's better - THEY can't get in. ("THEY" being those unnamed professors without whom our lives would be dull and hum-drum.) Who said there're no perks in mindlessness?

Over the summer, we will have two meetings - as always, on the first Wednesday of the month. These will probably be very informal get-togethers just to boost morale and touch base. But, any new information on scholarships, sanity-retainers and the like will be most welcome and available.

Some of you will thank me for this next statement. This is my last article as publicity director for WOW.

Next fall, look for Beckie Jackson, our new publicity director. We are all looking forward to what promises to be a bright and refreshing point-of-view for WOW. I've thoroughly enjoyed muddling through these, I only ask that those of you who read my articles, go public. Admit that you not only read them - but that they made sense to you. People may avoid you thereafter - but you'll be a better person for it. I'm outta here!

Next meeting:
Wednesday, July 1,
12:30
Faculty Dining Rm.,
MCC

A little marching can put you a step ahead of every other college graduate.

Get your career off to a fast start.

Enroll in the Army Reserve Officers' Training Corps now. And you could graduate with both a college degree and an officer's commission in the U.S. Army.

Army ROTC is the college elective that gives you the confidence, leadership skills and discipline essential to any successful career, civilian or military.

Get the experience and responsibility other graduates will have to wait years for. Talk to your Professor of Military Science, today.

See Maj Evans in Room 210 MCC
or call 927-5206 as soon as possible.

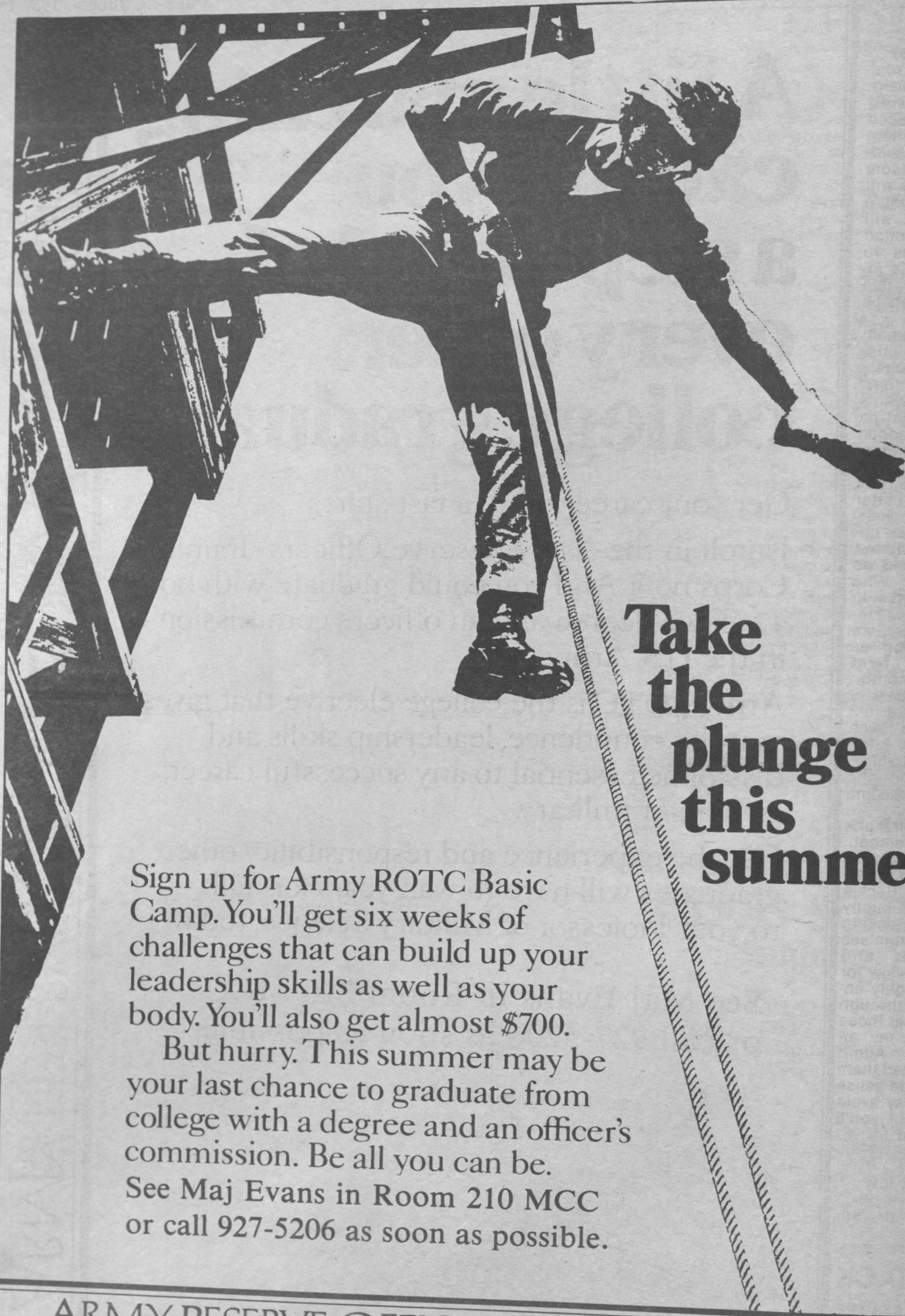
ARMY RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

**HEART ATTACK
DOESN'T WAIT**

Be Ready



WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE



Take the plunge this summer.

Sign up for Army ROTC Basic Camp. You'll get six weeks of challenges that can build up your leadership skills as well as your body. You'll also get almost \$700.

But hurry. This summer may be your last chance to graduate from college with a degree and an officer's commission. Be all you can be.

See Maj Evans in Room 210 MCC or call 927-5206 as soon as possible.

ARMY RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS